

## Book and Tract Work.

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At the request of our Editor I resume my work in the tract department. While I shall try and entertain and instruct, I desire to make this work practicle, each week during the remainder of the year, I shall endeavor to have a letter in this department from one to two columns. While this means the sharp use of my eyes and ears and pen, I shall not regret the extra effort, if you, reader, will only receive some help, and in turn will help the church through this department.

We need more tracts, phamplets, books, leaflets, etc., etc., scattered over the land. We may not be able to preach in the pulpit, but we can preach in this way, and preach well. Tracts do not get excited or red in the face if opposed. Their thoughts stick when words would slip away. In another letter some definite plan will be announced, a plan that we can work and thus push out these skirmish forces for the Master's work, and extend the lines of the kingdom.

There is one thing that I desire to impress on the minds of those who read, send all money to the house, but if you have any items of interest, any suggestions, any advice, any help of any kind, send direct to Carleton, Neb., so I can make use of it at the earliest moment, and incorporate it in my weekly letter. If I can help in any way, command me, and I am at your service, and before the year is out I may surprise you in the good things provided.

In a fisherman's hut, in the extreme northeast of Scotland, is a picture of our Saviour, and the fisherman thus tells its story:

"I was 'way down with drink," he said, "when one night I went into a 'public,' and there hung this picture. I was sober then and said to the bartender, 'Sell me that picture; this is no place for the Saviour.' I gave him all the money I had for it and took it home. Then as I looked at it the words of my mother came back to me. I dropped on my knees and cried 'O Lord Jesus, will you pick me up again and take me out of my sin?'"

No such prayer is ever unanswered. To-day that fisherman is the grandest man in that little Scotch village. He was asked if he had no struggle to give up liquor. Such a look of exultation came over his face as he answered:

"When such a Saviour comes into the

heart he takes the love of drink right out of it."

While we may not be able to paint such a picture, yet we can scatter a tract that will make Jesus known, and when the picture is seen Jesus will be recognized because of that tract.

The Religious Tract Society was constituted in England in 1799. It spreads the gospel to-day in 166 languages. The British and Foreign Bible Society, founded in 1804, carries on far more extensive operations. It has promoted the translation, printing or distribution of the whole or parts of the Bible into 206 languages or dialects. It has indirectly produced these results in fifty-nine languages or dialects, making 267 in all. Up to the year 1886 it had issued over 108,000,000 copies of the Word of God. Rev. Joseph Hughes, a Welsh Baptist, is to be credited with the idea which led to this great organization. In a company of his brethren who were discussing the organization of a society for the distribution of the Holy Scriptures in Wales, he exclaimed, "If for Wales why not for the world?" He was the zealous promoter of the society and became one of its secretaries. Thus three months after Carey and Yates had given to the world their grand conception of translating the Bible into all the languages of the far East, this society sprang into being to carry out the idea. The society met with high favor and became closely allied with foreign missions, but a controversy arose between the society and Carey and his co-laborers at Serampore, India. They insisted that the London society honestly translate the word "baptism." The society declined to do so, and even refused to publish or circulate the translations made by Carey. The result was a severance of relations between the society and the men at Serampore.

The above is from the Baptist Union. It seems strange that a Religious Society should refuse to "honestly translate" the word baptism. The Brethren Tract department will not shy at the honest translation of any word. Let us have the truth, no matter where found, on 'Christian or on heathen ground. The truth will make free. Let us have it. This is the fire that burns the cords of those who walk in the furnace.

They are reviving the following story of the great Italian leader:

When Garibaldi took Naples, the king was still in the city; the police were sullen, but quiet, and on the action of the military depended the fate of all. The

people turned out *en masse* to see what would happen. Leaving the train, the general, with Cozens, entered a carriage, followed by three other vehicles filled with officers of the staff.

The gunners of the fortress of St. Elmo had received orders to fire on the first Garibaldians who came in sight. As the carriages approached, the guns were aimed, and the matches lighted. Slowly came the general's carriage, followed by a million eyes.

"Drive slower," cried Garibaldi, and the frightened coachman obeyed. When he was right opposite the yawning mouths of the guns, the general rose calmly and fixed his eyes on the gunners. Three times the order to fire was given while Garibaldi waited. At the third command the gunners dropped their matches, threw their caps in the air and shouted,

"Niva Garibaldi!"

The city was his.

We may not be a Garibaldi, but we can send some tract, or phamplet, or book, or paper, up to the very mouth of Satan's guns and turn his soldiers of darkness into soldiers of light. He who led captivity captive will help the one who lives and dares to do his duty in spite of all that may be against him.

Let me tell you something else about Garibaldi. He loved his old mother. She said to him, "Guissepple, remember your mother is praying for you." He told one of his officers "There is no gallows that can hang Guissepple Garibaldi; no bullet can kill; no bayonet can stab him while his mother lives and prays." One time he was shot in the jugular. A friend asked him where he would like to be buried and what word he should send to his mother. He said, "Tell her I shall live to be seventy-six." On his birthday his mother died. He saw her kneeling at a white cross and she said, "Garibaldi, fight only for liberty." He afterwards fell in with infidels, lost faith in christianity, the spirit of his mother seems to have left him, and he went down into darkness. Alas! For such an ending for such a man.

As soldiers of Christ, let us fight only for spiritual liberty, and keep under the spirit's influence, in touch with our church, remembering poor fallen humanity, and make every effort tell for their elevation and salvation. To this end let us make tracks by scattering tracts, and never violate our vows of Christian faith.